SECOND SECTION.

The Sun.

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EAST SIDE'S MUSIC HUNGER

CROWDS OF CHILDREN AT MISS EMILIE WAGNER'S SCHOOL.

An Enterprise Inspired by Sir Walter Besant —Material Difficulties It Had to Fight Against—Remarkable Craving of Jews for Music—New People's Music School.

The largeness of the name indicates the ambitions and hopes of a small group of people. At this moment the People's Music School is only two months old and occupies six small rooms at 69 Norfolk street, one of the hiving tenements of the East Side. Already it has 100 pupils, an orchestra of twenty-eight players, a junior orchestra of eighteen and classes in sight reading and harmony, and it has given one concert at the hall of the Hebrew Technical Alliance.

The school is an offshoot from the Settlement Music School, whose concerts and pupils are now the pet interest of a large group of uptown people and which is flourishing mightily. But the Settlement Music School and the People's Music School are due to the initiative of the same person, Miss Emilie Wagner.

It is a far cry to Sir Walter Besant's "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," but both of these enterprises and many kindred works may be traced back to this book. A dozen years ago Miss Wagner was making microscopical drawings and pursuing her biological studies at the Woman's College in Baltimore with a view to her future career. When she laid down Sir Walter's book she determined to devote herself to settlement work.

Bringing with her a colony of ants that she had been rearing in connection with her graduating thesis and a fiddle that beguiled her leisure she sought the means of carrying out her purpose in this city. It came at the old Mariner's Temple, on Henry street, where a free kindergarten had been started.

But shortly the good people who believed that the chapel was sacred to religious exercises objected to the music children trooping in and out. So the young pastor, who was not so pious, placed a room in his home at her disposal. The young pastor and his flock soon went different ways and the music school was again adrift.

Miss Wagner then applied to the College Settlement, which gave her the only room available. This was in the basement, which she occupied subject to the caprices of the cook. Here she set up a piano, with one child practising on the bass while another took her lesson on the treble; so great was the demand, so limited the opportunity.

Here Miss Wagner was found by two young women who, perceiving the work she was doing under such hard conditions, formed themselves into a committee, enlisted others and set about placing the little enterprise on its feet

It is interesting to look back and pick up these threads, for this persistence and this discouragement lasted over a year in the face of trials that cannot be set down here. The College Settlement Music School, as it now came to be called, and the University Settlement School, in time united, and Miss Wagner was put at the head. The two soon overflowed, and a separate house was needed.

No. 31 Rivington street, which once had evil fame in the Red Light district, was secured and transformed. The police no longer stood before the door, but a procession of small people, with faces newly scrubbed, in clean pinafores and collars, tugged at its bell after public school hours were over.

Still nothing could be more humble. In the basement between the coal bin and the furnace was a piano. In the office, where benches were crowded with children waiting their turn, was a piano and lessons going on. In a room with no window, and under the gaslight two violins and a piano worked at trios.

In rooms only large enough for an upright piano and a chair, in halls and passageways even was either the tinkle of the piano or the scratch of the fiddle bow from 3:30 in the afternoon until 10 at night. Every scrap of space was utilized, yet so limited were the accommodations that out of the hundreds of children applying only those whose talents warranted it could be accepted.

The system of finance and management was naive and illustrated the enthusiasm and resources of both workers and pupils. The lessons were 12½ minutes long; the fee 10 cents. Four cents paid for a half hour's practice. Out of these sums came the revenue of the school, which amounted to $100 a month.

Fourteen of the twenty teachers were volunteers from up town, women interested in the enterprise. Eight were pupil teachers, girls from 14 to 16, who received 8 out of the 10 cents given for a lesson.

These girls soon became self-supporting; that is, they earned as much as their companions in shops and factories, with the difference in the favor of hours, congenial employment and future prospects. Others less advanced were known as practice teachers. These overlooked the practising of the little ones who needed watching in their first fingering and bowing.

These practice teachers receive four cents for each half hour's service. With these earnings they continued their own musical studies, with the assurance that they too in time would become pupil teachers.

The children whose parents were too poor to pay for their lessons earned their money. Two boys with good voices sang at Jewish funerals and weddings, and thus paid their way. Almost all were Hebrews.

"It must be conceded," says Miss Wagner, "that the little Christians do not show the musical susceptibility of the little Jews."

To get the first violin for one of these children the father in winter pawned his overcoat. Clara, then going on 9, the eldest of five children, was a little Rumanian. Her mother made passementerie ornaments at 36 cents for twenty dozen and her father peddled them. Thus the mother sometimes made 50 cents a day, cared for her family and did the washing after midnight.

Clara was a discovery out of a free kindergarten. She was placed at a clavier, a meaningless clatter of ivories, and forgotten. After dinner the teachers seeing a light burning in the school hastened to investigate, and found Clara at the clavier, unmindful of time and unconscious of hunger. Clara is now one of the shining lights of the Settlement Music School.

"May I bring my little sister?" asked the pupil.

"Has she ever taken any lessons?"

"No, but she has learned to play on a chair."

The child was brought and for the first time placed at a piano, when she played a number of Beyer's exercises that she had learned on a chair.

It was inevitable that work of this sort should attract attention. Visitors began to find their way to Rivington street. Five scholarships were in time provided. The orchestra became a source of revenue, and to get into the orchestra the ambition of every small fiddler.

The orchestra became fairly the fashion. Uptown concerts were given in private houses, where Bach, Handel and Haydn and modern composers were played, and its solid, brilliant technique and artistic feeling have delighted the ear, as its picturesque personality has interested the eye.

Sunday concerts were given at the school for the fathers and mothers and amiable family relations thus encouraged. If Leah would not learn to cook, her mother in a confidential moment revealed the fact and Leah was encouraged to make her own doll clothes and in time embroidered her own petticoat.

The X family lived in a swarming tenement. When after a weary stress the little one got her first violin the neighbors wanted to come in and hear her play. To find a place for the neighbors to sit down it was necessary first to pick up the things that strewed the room. Instead of the dirty shiftlessness of that family, life there is now decency and order, and the first evidence of the Americanization of an alien family—the Xs sit down together at a table for three regular meals.

Deborah and her brother were among the most promising pupils. Deborah now gives lessons at home. Commercially it is an interesting corollary that in this district thirty-four pianos were sold to these families within three years. The pianos were bought on the instalment plan and rented out in practice hours to different children to pay the instalments.

The physical wellbeing of the children was looked after, and the public school insisted upon. In vacation it was the custom of Miss Wagner and her assistants to take several of the children camping with them in the Maine woods.

Here the girls put on boys' clothes for roughing it, and learned to paddle canoes, row and take their early morning dip. On fine days, as it might be the Forest of Arden, the little masqueraders pinned their music on to the trees and practised under the hospitable branches. Other volunteer teachers took their groups for outings by the sea or at the farm and devoted the summer to sunshine and Bach. Later a regular summer home was organized at Newfoundland, N. J.

From out of these flourishing conditions Miss Wagner has now stepped and the People's Music School emerged.

"An institution so thoroughly grounded as the Settlement Music School naturally does not care to make experiments. At the same time I do not want to forego trying further my own theories," said Miss Wagner in explanation. "The People's Music School is not to reform these children.

"They need no reforming. There will be no better citizens than these children will make. My idea is without any sentimentality to put the new enterprise on a practical business basis. We do not expect to make money, but we do expect to be self-supporting, and to keep our self-respect.

"The financial scheme is very simple. We now have fifteen teachers. Each of these pays to the school 10 cents room rent for every hour used in teaching. The pupils pay on an average 20 cents for a twenty minute lesson.

"This gives the teacher 50 cents and 10 cents for the school. At this rate each room more than pays for itself. The teacher is at liberty to charge more for her lessons if she can get it. This is an incentive to her ambition and does not interfere with the simplicity of our bookkeeping.

"One feature of our work is to be our neighborhood concerts. The orchestra is under the leadership of W. H. Humiston, the organist and composer. For these concerts we will hire different halls.

"Perhaps in time our work here in familiarizing the East Side with the best music may have its effect in the larger schemes up town for supporting and popularizing the opera, according to the vision of Mr. Hammerstein. We, too, have our schemes looking to the future. These even include the opera." But however ambitious these may be, they will fall in with the regular work of the school."

While Miss Wagner spoke small pigtailed and closely cropped heads were going and coming and the scratch of the bow and the sound of the pianos never ceased. The rooms were bare of all but the necessaries—piano chair and music stand—and a few photographs and black and white reproductions were on the walls to relieve their meagreness. But there was no mistaking the serious purpose of these little Rumanians, Poles, Russians, and all the little Balkans who were at work

"There is a great deal of idealism on the East Side," Miss Wagner continued, referring back to her first thought. "What would you say of a child who says to you, 'I'd rather have a rose than a dinner'?

"To many of these children music is as the breath of life. Manners are important and cleanliness is important. But we do not have to insist on these, because they take their place as the musical susceptibilities are educated. So you see how from every point of view this seems to me should be the centre for our musical enterprise."

COLD PLATES AND HOT PLATES.

Many of the Former Still to Be Found, but the Latter, Happily, Spreading.

"We still find," said Mr. Plugginton, "many cold plates. Lots of people seem to regard hot plates as a superfluity, or even as an affectation of style that is not to be encouraged, and so give you cold plates to eat hot food from; thus really spoiling many a good meal.

"I ate dinner yesterday at a place where the food is excellent and admirably cooked, where everything they give you is good and appetizing and ample in supply, but where the joy of the meal was marred by cold plates.

"Just why they give you cold plates at this place I don't know, but it is simply the survival of an ancient custom, I guess.

"For hot plates are a modern custom. Formerly people got along very well without them; but it is different now, when it is so easy to provide them. And yet they are by no means, even to-day, everywhere to be found.

"You might eat to-day at the abundant, the well supplied and well equipped table of a family whose every member was the personification of kindly grace and hospitality, and yet find here your food served to you on cold plates; rugged people, these, by whom, out of some feeling bred in the days when luxuries were less common, hot plates would still be considered as a mark of concession to effeminacy. And by such a reason, indeed, might the cold plates be accounted for in some small hotels, off the beaten track, though in many another hotel their presence is due simply to slackness, indifference or a failure to rise to modern conditions.

"But the hot plate, by no means a sign of degeneracy, but one marking simply and rationally a desire to rise to our privileges, is everywhere spreading; it will some day everywhere prevail, and meanwhile when we eat where it has not yet come let us be grateful then for the food."

Lobsters From the Deep Sea.

From the Kennebec Journal.

A Maine fisherman, believing that there are just as many lobsters as ever, set his pots away out on Cash's Banks, in the path of ocean steamships, and when he hauled them he found 2,500 splendid specimens, none of them less than 10 inches and most of them nearer 15 and 20.

It is his theory that various causes may have driven the crustaceans away from the shore, but that there are still plenty of them if one can ascertain their whereabouts. His views will undoubtedly prompt other fishermen to act along similar lines in setting their pots, and it is to be hoped that the pessimistic views so frequently expressed of late will be disproved.

Senator Pettus's Library.

From the Indianapolis Star.

The late Senator Pettus of Alabama was a "Forty-niner," going overland to California in the early days and engaging in placer mining. He took with him on that long and tedious journey three books, the Bible, Shakespeare and Burns's poems.

He said of them at one time not long since: "I read the Bible from cover to cover; I read the side notes; I read the captions of the chapters; I learned great parts of it by heart, and I haven't forgotten them yet. I learned many of Burns's poems by heart and much of Shakespeare in the same way, too." Such reading of these three books was an education in itself. It is not likely that many miners engaged in that search for wealth spent their leisure in as profitable a way.

BARGAINS IN ODD PLACES

A CHANCE FOR THE WARY IN THE BOWERY AUCTION ROOM.

But You Must Be Wearing Good Clothes —Auctioneers and Purchasers Both Picturesque—A Rare Bookplate Discovered in a Junkshop—Buyers' Ways.

Perhaps you would not consider a trip to an auction sale in the Bowery as an amusement. Perhaps you will say, lightly, "Oh, I've seen David Warfield in 'The Auctioneer' and I'm sure the real thing can't be half so entertaining!" And this is not to be gainsaid. Perhaps you had rather go to a roof garden in Manhattan, where you can sit at a small table at the side with something cool to drink in front of you and get a second hand representation of the East Sider without the adjunct of the various sights and sounds and smells that go to make up the genuine article.

But if you think you can spare an hour or two some day go down on the Bowery at 11 A. M. to an auction sale in some of the pawnshops there and you will be repaid for your trip and, incidentally, get such sidelights on human nature as never can be reproduced on the stage.

If you have not already a hobby along the line of some second hand article get one, for only in that way can you get the real pleasure of the chase. Never mind if you do not always get what you want. The one great comfort in the auction business is the beautiful fact that there is always another one that may come up any time. If you do not secure it to-day the same thing perhaps in better condition may be yours to-morrow and picked up at a most astonishing price.

Charles Lamb advises every man to have a hobby and ride it hard, and there is nothing more fascinating than the pursuit of some elusive object or cherished hope through the various highways and byways of New York. The further it takes you out of your beaten path the more entertaining it becomes.

You can start in by taking your lunch in Macdougal street—it sounds Scotch, but it's really Italian. You go in an area and through a dark hall, so dark, indeed, that visions of the Black Hand holding a dagger electrify the atmosphere, then out into the narrow little back yard, which is covered with a shed, under which is a long table around which are seated many or few coatless and hatless sons of sunny Italy making more noise over a plateful of spaghetti than all the people from Nebraska and Texas put together in the dining room of the Waldorf. Your lunch will be served without much ceremony; you will be politely requested to keep your knife and fork for every course, but the food is delicious and well cooked.

Then start on your quest. Does your taste lie in the direction of old books? A pawnshop sometimes contains unlimited possibilities in this line. Even a junk shop is not to be despised.

Not long ago a man walked into a junk shop and inquired if they ever had any old books. The proprietor informed him that they did, and that they sent the leaves to the paper mill and the covers to the dump heap. He gave the man the freedom of the place with a wave of his hand.

There was a pile of book covers in the corner. The man walked over and picked one up. It had once contained "The Tatler."

Pasted inside the front cover was a bookplate which immediately attracted the attention of the visitor. It was that of Azarias Williams, a stern old Connecticut divine who left his native land long before the Revolution in order to have the freedom of religion that America promised. The bookplate was engraved by Rollinson and signed.

Now Rollinson only engraved about ten book plates after he came to America. He did not sign all of these. To come across a signed book plate of Rollinson in a junk shop is a real find.

When the finder offered payment the proprietor refused with scorn. Said it was "no good to him any way you fix it." A few weeks later the book plate changed hands to the tune of a ten dollar bill.

Do not be discouraged if the pawnshops contain jewelry, old musical instruments and second hand paper novels. A good many more of your fellow men are driven to part with these in a pawnshop than with books, and many, many more people are looking for them than are looking for books.

Perhaps you like old English silver. The pawnshop sometimes gives up ghosts of past greatness.

If you can't find that you would like solid silver backed brushes at 75 cents each. If you are prosperous looking you may have to pay $1 for them, but they are cheap at that.

Or you wouldn't mind paying a quarter for a silver matchholder worth many times that sum. The auctioneer tried to get 50 cents for it in vain, and in reply to his final disgusted query: "Who'll take it for a quarter?" it was soon transferred to the writer.

The Provident Loan Society holds an auction sale monthly. It must hold all articles thirteen months for redemption, so monthly it has a sale of the articles pawned over a year ago. They sometimes get very good prices for things, too.

You can get infinite entertainment out of the manner of the various auctioneers. One is fat and pompous. He swells out to the limit of his waistcoat, which once was white, as he announces:

"Shentlemen. Here you haf a bargain. There is a carat in that diamond. What am I bid?"

He announces each article in a very loud voice and compliments the buyers on their judgment.

One is a quiet fellow, with his nose in his ledger. He never raises his head, never looks up, save when no bid can be secured. Then he pokes his head over the edge of the book so that you think he must have springs in his neck, and says:

"What's that? What's that? Bring the article here."

But for pure enjoyment go down to the Bowery. Oftentimes there will be four auctions going at once. The old clothes, however, are not as interesting as the jewelry, though they bring out perhaps more kinds of original buyers than are ever gathered under one roof for any other purpose.

A fairly good ring is put up. Watch the buyers how they crowd over it, snatch it from one to another. One will grab it and attempt to adjust his glass to his eye for an examination of it, it will be torn out of his hand while he is adjusting his glass and become the centre of a howling mob until the auctioneer shouts out "Sold!"

You can get bargains in the Bowery—if you know what you are buying. But take advice and wear your most disreputable looking suit of clothes. Don't go looking hardly decent; you will have to pay for your own clothes as well as the articles you buy if you do. You will not even get a chance to bid on a thing until the auctioneer has sized up what you can pay from the way you look.

One old auctioneer is a delight. You never hear a word he says, except "Sold!" Watch him when an article is put up.

You think he is talking, but not a sound do you hear. You will see his mouth run up to his nose and his nose run down to his mouth. His eyes will be screwed up, his face full of expressive wrinkles. Then you will hear "Sold!" and the buyer's name.

You never see the bidder. You never know where the bid is. Just facial contortions and "Sold!"

The auctioneers make facetious remarks. They poke ridicule at the bidders.

"Ach, Mr. Heimerstein. You haf been up on Fifth avenoo. I see you there. You wore your best clothes there. You did not wear your nightshirt. No. You had on a fine suit."

A wine cooler was put up.

The auctioneer sung out: "Here we haf a coal hod. Shentlemen, a fine coal hod. Bid on the coal hod."

It brought the price of a coal hod, and there was no indication on the part of the buyer that he had any idea that its real use was something of a slightly different nature.

An old French book was put up. There was absolutely no interest in it. Not a bid could be got. Finally the auctioneer cried out in despair:

"Bid, gentlemen, bid! The text may be in French, but the illustrations are in English."

NEW YORK BOYS AT SEA.

Life Aboard the St. Mary's While Off on a Summer Cruise.

One hundred lusty young New Yorkers are just now sniffing the salt sea breezes in the stanch old sloop of war St. Mary's on their six months cruise in foreign lands.

Six months theory and six months practice in navigation is the lot of this class of New York boys who almost without exception will later become officers in the American merchant marine.

Fine, sturdy youths they are, too, says the *Van Norden Magazine*. The New York Nautical School is far from being in any sense a reformatory. Only boys with satisfactory references are accepted as students, and as there is a long waiting list the commander is able to pick and choose the best applicants.

This school for young jack tars is under the jurisdiction of the Board of Education of New York city, and its interests are looked after by a special committee. The board makes an annual grant for its support and for the expenses of running the ship on her long cruise.

Although the boys perform all the operations of seamanship on the cruise, the boat carries a regular crew of sufficient number to work the vessel without them so as to give them time for study.

After the spring refitting of the vessel at Glen Cove, L. I., the St. Mary's takes aboard water and provisions at New London and follows the North Atlantic route to Queenstown, thence to Southampton, where a few days are allowed the boys for a trip to London, and then the vessel makes her way down the coasts of France, Spain and Portugal before striking across for Funchal, in the Madeira Islands, where a few days are spent in preparation for the homeward voyage along the southerly route. The ship reaches America in September, and by the middle of October is safely ensconced at her East River dock in New York city.

The course of instruction on the St. Mary's extends over two years; the second year students are those of the graduating class and the junior year forms the elementary class. Both classes receive instruction in practical and theoretical seamanship. Among other things they are taught physical geography, nautical astronomy, history, algebra, rules of the road at sea and first aid to the injured.

The boys are expected to keep their quarters clean and shipshape. During the first year they must in turn act as mess cooks. They wash, iron and mend their own clothes and are taught to do everything for themselves.

While at sea the routine is similar to that in port at New York, but more strenuous if anything. The boys perform every operation necessary for navigating the ship. They stand watches, steer, reef and furl the sails, lower and hoist the boats, and make practical use of all nautical instruments.

Four-thirty in the morning sees them awake and up. Three-quarters of an hour is spent in scrubbing their clothes. Then they clean the ship, polish the brass work and prepare it for inspection.

Breakfast comes at 7:30. At 8 the chronometers are wound, the bridge pump is manned and other necessary duties are fulfilled.

While on the cruise there is little theoretical study as practical duties take up most of the time, but for an hour in the morning the regular classes in seamanship and navigation are held. At 11:30 all the first or higher class take observations for latitude, which is reported at 12 M.

Then comes dinner, quite a plain dinner, too, but the boys keep strong and healthy on it. It consists usually of canned roast beef, potatoes and canned vegetables. Sometimes they have rice and molasses.

In the afternoon there is more drill and instruction and more scrubbing of clothes. Between 5 and 6 o'clock the different watches have supper, which consists usually of cold meat, stewed fruit, milk, tea, sugar and molasses. Biscuits and butter are served at each meal. Then comes a little quiet study until all hands turn into their hammocks at 9 o'clock.

While in a foreign port the routine is very similar. The boys are required to practise constantly in all the duties of active seamanship. Three times a day they are sent over the masthead, and soon become as agile as monkeys in flying up the rigging and in sending up and squaring the royal yards. In the morning and in the afternoon they have swimming if possible.

Each of the two classes is divided into watches. Each watch is under the command of a petty officer, called bos'n's mate, who himself is under the orders of the officer of the ship's deck.

The watches are still further subdivided into parts of the ship, or divisions. The boys are then known by the terms forecastlemen, foretopmen, maintopmen or mizzentopmen.

The captain of the top is in command of each division and the different tops report alternately to the sailmaker or boatswain for instruction in sailmaking or seamanship.

On a summer cruise all boys who have not misbehaved are allowed shore leave. Only one-half their number, however, may be absent at a time.

They are never permitted to remain on shore over night except when this becomes necessary in visiting an inland city. Frequently in a foreign port the boys of the St. Mary's have a chance to meet those of rival schoolships and boat races and other sports are arranged.

The St. Mary's was built in 1844 for the purpose of chasing slavers, and at one time was the fastest sailing ship in the United States Navy. She has been through a good many stirring experiences in the sixty-three years of her history.

In the Mexican War she cruised off Panama to protect the railroad across the Isthmus. During the civil war she was sent in 1865 down the South American coast to protect certain American merchantmen.

For the last thirty-four years, however, the Government has devoted the vessel entirely to educational purposes, and she is the school and home of New York boys who are fired with ambition to become officers in the American merchant service.

It is probable that the cruise of 1908 will be made in a new ship built by the Board of Education with the most modern and complete equipment for teaching navigation. The St. Mary's is a sailing vessel only. The modern schoolship should have an auxiliary steam plant and electrical equipment. The nautical school should be housed in an up to date vessel.